

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 825.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1879.

PRICE 1½d.

## JUDGE BATHGATE'S EXPERIENCES OF NEW ZEALAND.

### FIRST ARTICLE.

WHEN, thirty years ago, we began to reside during the summer months on the banks of the Tweed, we were fortunate in having for acquaintance, in the neighbouring town of Peebles, a gentleman of agreeable manners, singular sagacity, versatility of talent, great earnestness of purpose, and withal a keen sense of humour and love of anecdote. This was Mr John Bathgate. Professionally a solicitor and banker, he occupied the responsible position of Procurator Fiscal for Peeblesshire. Mr Bathgate was one of those rare individuals who are able at once to 'see the idea.' At the slightest hint he saw the bearings of a case, which others failed to comprehend. Desirous to promote improvements of all sorts, he took a lead in establishing a railway between Peebles and Edinburgh, which in spite of dolorous prognostications, has proved a marvellous success; for besides being an eight per cent. line in perpetuity, it has largely increased the prosperity of the district. He had 'seen the idea,' which a number of people who affected to be very wise could not see at all. Useful in forwarding every good work, and never grudging trouble, a pang came over the neighbourhood when he announced his intention of emigrating with his family to New Zealand. 'What could he mean? He was much esteemed, had an excellent business, and got through his varied duties without difficulty.' We happen to know why he contemplated taking this extreme step. One of his reasons was that his numerous family were growing up, and the settling of them in life might become a source of perplexity. But a more serious reason consisted in an alarming bronchial affection, and he felt that if he tried to encounter a repetition of winters in Great Britain, his doom would speedily be the churchyard. For safety, a warmer and more equable climate was necessary. Moved by these considerations, Mr Bathgate gave up all

his appointments, disposed of his property, and honoured with testimonials of public respect and remembrance, shipped himself off with his wife and family to New Zealand.

This was in 1863, at which time, as a British colony, New Zealand was still in its infancy. We, in fact, remember the commencement of it in 1840, under the auspices of the New Zealand Association, of which Edward Gibbon Wakefield was the moving spirit. Wakefield's notion was to found settlements of a temptingly denominational character. One, to be called Canterbury, with Christchurch as its capital, was to be specially a home for members of the Church of England. Another, designated Otago, with New Edinburgh as its capital, was to be set aside for Scottish Presbyterians. Possibly, the scheme was of service at the outset in attracting settlers. A prospectus having fallen into our hands, we felt an objection to the name New Edinburgh. Indeed, we dislike all names of places with the word 'New,' such as New York, New Orleans, and so on. The term New Zealand, which like others of its kind shews weakness of invention, is particularly senseless and objectionable. With this opinion, we suggested in a letter to the Editor of a New Zealand journal, published in London, that for the name New Edinburgh might advantageously be substituted the term Dunedin, which is the Celtic name for Edinburgh. The suggestion was embraced by the New Zealand Association, and hence Dunedin became the accepted name for the capital of the province of Otago. Dunedin, to which, from the incident mentioned, we entertain somewhat the feelings of a godfather, was the port to which our friend Mr Bathgate was bound; and after some professional changes, he has been appointed a judge in this part of the colony.

As for New Zealand generally, the denominational characteristics have long since vanished, and so have the separate provincial jurisdictions. The whole colony is under a central government at Wellington; the country at large possessing free county and burghal administrations. The law of

England, with some modifications, is universally established, and is well administered by judges and magistrates in various quarters. There is no Church established by statute; but there is a profusion of self-supporting churches of different denominations, and all exist in harmony with each other. There is a system of elementary and secondary education under the direction of an Education Department, as effective and successful as that in the United Kingdom.

Sixteen years have elapsed since our friend voyaged fourteen thousand miles across the ocean in search of a new home. Once more, to general delight, he visits his old haunts on the Tweed, being absent on leave for a year, and designs to deliver some popular lectures on New Zealand as a field for emigration. Of his private affairs we say nothings further than that with children and grandchildren his surroundings are quite patriarchal. The real interest in his reappearance consists in our procuring thoroughly trustworthy information concerning the country of his adoption, now eagerly inquired after by persons who think of bettering their circumstances by emigration. On this topic we propose to offer the following particulars, gathered from conversations with Judge Bathgate, and from a perusal of his lectures on the subject.\*

Situated in the southern Pacific, the New Zealand islands, three in number, enjoy a remarkably fine and salubrious climate, without extremes of heat or cold. While Canada is under snow for several months in the year, and parts of Australia are scorched with droughts and hot winds, New Zealand is green, fertile, and beautiful all the year round, with but a small difference in temperature between summer and winter. The circumstance that few places in New Zealand are more than a hundred miles from the sea, must also be beneficial. Some parts of the coast are indented with picturesque sounds or fiords, such as are seen in Norway and the west coast of Scotland. There are ranges of lofty mountains, from which flow refreshing rivers, that are sometimes in high flood, but never run dry. Much of the unimproved land is covered with natural fern, which is a good indication of a capacity to produce heavy grain crops. When reached by the early settlers, thirty-nine years ago, New Zealand was inhabited by scattered tribes of Maoris, with whom there was some trouble; but by judicious arrangements there are no longer dissensions on this score. The entire number of colonists is now four hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and twelve, against forty-five thousand Maoris, and these are chiefly in the Northern Island, there being only nineteen hundred widely scattered in the Middle Island. Since the imperial government withdrew the troops ten years ago, the people of New Zealand

have been taught self-reliance, and are now able to defend themselves and keep the peace by means of a volunteer force and body of armed constabulary. The true peace-makers, however, are roads, railways, and the spread of civilised usages.

'No one,' says Mr Bathgate, 'who thinks of New Zealand either as a field for investment or for settlement ought to look upon the Maori element as deserving the least consideration, further than this, that the land which could produce and maintain so noble and handsome a race as the Maoris undoubtedly are, must be admirably adapted for the support of a population having capital and skill to turn its resources to satisfactory account. I have often seen at Government House elegantly dressed Maori belles going through the figures of a set of quadrilles with as much grace and appreciation as their fairer *vis-à-vis*. The dusky matrons, wives of chiefs, richly and fashionably dressed, but with tattooed lips, would cluster round their lithe and handsome daughters, and view their performance with intense and admiring interest. One of these girls was nicknamed Grace Darling, from her having on one occasion swum out to a wreck and rescued two men. Many of the Maoris have let their lands, live in affluence, some of them keeping their carriages. A silent change is going on, which will gradually assimilate both races and habits of thought. In the meantime old tastes will occasionally crop up. A chief being strongly urged to drain a shallow lake on his land, asked the reason why. He was told that the land would keep so many sheep if improved. "Who," he replied, "would care for mutton when they could get eels?"

Wellington, the seat of government, is situated on a point of land at the south extremity of the North Island, near a strait of five-and-twenty miles wide, which divides it from the Middle Island. In the North Island are extensive settlements, with good-sized towns, one of these being Auckland, which has attained considerable commercial importance. On the east side of this Northern Island are some wide-sweeping bays, the Bay of Plenty and Hawke's Bay being perhaps best known. A resident in this quarter, the Rev. J. Berry, says of the climate: 'In my own garden in Napier, Hawke's Bay, my geraniums, fuchsias, heliotropes, &c. flowered the whole of the winter in the open air, and from my fig-trees I gathered two heavy fully ripened crops in one year. An English farmer finds it difficult to realise how little is needed to farm in such a climate. Horses, sheep, and cattle live in the open air all the year round in five-sixths of New Zealand.' Christchurch is situated on the east side of the Middle Island; and further on lies Otago, with its harbour, called Port Chalmers, leading to Dunedin, in the forty-fifth degree of south latitude—an exceedingly good latitude to live in; for it is ten degrees nearer the equator than Edinburgh, and is as joyous as the more pleasant parts of France.

Mr Bathgate, who finally dropped down on this agreeable latitude, and has travelled about all round for a few hundred miles, is in raptures with the climate of part of Otago, even although it does

\* The Lectures are preparing for delivery in different places, and will thereafter be published. Judge Bathgate's present address is 'Peebles.'

not grow figs and oranges like that of Hawke's Bay. Here is what he says: 'A hundred years ago Captain Cook observed that when he put into one of the sounds of the Middle Island to refit, almost the entire crew were affected with scurvy. In fourteen days they were all restored to health. As regards personal experience; when in the old country a winter never elapsed without a touch of bronchitis, or as it was called taking a bad cold. During sixteen years' residence in the colony, I have enjoyed excellent health. For the last six years while occupying my present judicial position, with a large amount of hard work—there being on an average three thousand five hundred civil cases disposed of yearly, many of those most important and intricate—I have never been a day absent from illness. The same good health has prevailed in my large family, eleven of them residing with me, or settled in the neighbourhood. I am therefore fully justified in expressing my confident belief that New Zealand is one of the healthiest countries known. Travellers from the adjoining colonies, where the same high conditions in regard to health do not exist, are invariably struck with the ruddy complexions and vigorous healthful look of the children in Dunedin. It is so observable, that in a family where the elder members are born in Victoria, a marked difference in favour of the children born in Dunedin can be observed. The healthful character of the New Zealand climate is partly owing to the clear elastic atmosphere, the evaporative power and the rainfall being nicely balanced; to an absence of extremes of either heat or cold; to an abundance of running water, without pestilential swamps; and to the cool refreshing nights even in the height of summer.'

In conversing with Judge Bathgate, he mentions the curious fact, that, as if arising from the buoyancy and mildness of the climate, the children born in New Zealand do not seem to shew the craving for stimulants that is apt to be demonstrated in the northern countries of Europe. Among them, generally, he says, there is a marked absence of a taste for alcoholic liquors. They do not need artificial exhilaration. He has seen large numbers of these New Zealand youths collected on festive occasions, and they never thought of the indulgences that with us form part of the common routine. The idea is suggested that the appetite for intoxicating drinks in the old country may be as much due to the depressing nature of the climate as to mischievous social influences. At anyrate, there is a satisfaction in knowing that with exceptions arising from special causes, there is now growing up a robust English race at the antipodes free from the degrading vices that are a constant and increasing reproach to our community.

In his lectures, Judge Bathgate states that in New Zealand there is the same healthy conditions in animal life. He says: 'Among sheep, diseases are almost unknown. Horses, cattle, poultry, all thrive amazingly. Imported birds and quadrupeds increase at an unprecedented rate. Starlings, introduced only a few years ago, are now found very numerous. Hares and game-birds are abundant. Rabbits have multiplied on some runs so as to be a pest; but the owners have in several instances subdivided their estates into small farms and sold them to settlers, by whom the

rabbits are easily and freely extirpated. Combined with the healthiness of animals deemed valuable by the agriculturist, there is a total absence of noxious wild beasts and reptiles. Surveyors and early settlers could encounter tent-life for months with impunity. New Zealand maintains the same pre-eminence in other branches of vital statistics. It stands first in order among the Australian colonies, and much before the United Kingdom, in birth-rate. The excess of births over deaths is higher than in any of the Australian colonies.'

Such is the general prosperity of New Zealand, that already among the Australasian colonies, it stands third in point of production. It annually exports wool to the value of about four million pounds; the principal export of the article being to London. Of gold, its exports in 1877 amounted to L.1,476,312. Of agricultural products, principally wheat and oats, its exports reached the sum of L.443,721. The export of wheat is largely on the increase. 'The climate in South Canterbury and the adjoining part of Otago is proved to be specially adapted for the growth of cereals. A crop of sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is not uncommon. Ninety bushels of oats to the acre have been reaped. The average is about thirty-two bushels per annum, which average production is double that of New South Wales and Victoria, and three times that of South Australia. In point of return, it is far before European countries, excepting Denmark and Holland, which are almost equal. The nearness to the sea, and the excess in fertility compared with other grain-producing countries, do far more than compensate for the distance of the colony from the English market. Wheat grown in New Zealand ten miles from a harbour, can be placed in London at an average freight of a shilling and eightpence a bushel. With wheat as low in price in London as forty-five shillings per quarter, the New Zealand grower would receive a return of six pounds per acre, which after deducting three pounds as the expense of cultivation, would leave a clear profit of three pounds per acre. These favourable circumstances will enable the New Zealand farmer to compete advantageously with the growers of Europe, Egypt, and the American continent.'

In different parts of New Zealand there have sprung up large and successful manufactories. One timber and woodware factory employs seven hundred hands. This species of manufacture is facilitated by the most improved American machinery. Doors and window-sashes, as well as expensive furniture, are rapidly becoming articles of export. An agricultural implement manufactory in Dunedin made and sold last year eleven hundred double-furrow ploughs, three hundred and fifty reaping-machines, two hundred and eighty farm-drays, besides harrows, rollers, and a host of small articles. The establishment employs one hundred and seventy-five hands, mostly at high wages. The reason why double-furrow ploughs are used is because the soil is so easily turned over that a plough can execute two furrows at once. Carriages are now produced in Dunedin of as elegant workmanship and finish as anything in Longacre. And why not? English artisans have carried their skill to the other end of the world. At a woollen factory set up ten miles from Dunedin, first-class tweeds, blankets, shawls, and hosiery are produced. A hundred and fifty hands are employed;

the wages of girls and young men ranging from ten to thirty shillings a week, boys from ten to fifteen shillings, and men from thirty-six shillings to seventy shillings. A capital of seventy thousand pounds is invested, yielding a profit of ten per cent. The demand for goods is larger than the supply. In the iron-trade there are flourishing concerns, producing the machinery of flour-mills, flax-mills, oatmeal mills, paper-mills, land and marine steam-engines, bridges, and so forth. Besides miscellaneous manufactories, there are now twelve printing-offices in Dunedin, which employ over three hundred hands. There is a large army of newspaper runners, by whom the daily journals are delivered from door to door.

New Zealand abounds in mineral wealth. Besides gold, almost every variety of iron ore has been discovered, and only needs to be dug and worked to advantage. The colony may be said to be one vast coal-field. In seven collieries in the neighbourhood of Dunedin, about two hundred and fifty men are employed, putting out upwards of fifty thousand tons annually, which sells in town at thirteen shillings a ton. This industry is extending rapidly. In the abundance of coal and iron alone, there lie the elements of prodigious prosperity. Eleven hundred miles of railway have been opened in the colony. All the lines are of three feet six inches gauge, which is exceedingly suitable for a young country. Carriages for the lines are now built in the colony. The locomotives are imported from the United States, American makers, as it seems, being more flexible in meeting orders of a special kind than English manufacturers.

Whatever be the inducements held out for manufacturing and commercial industry in New Zealand, they are greatly exceeded by enterprise in the acquisition of land and in agricultural pursuits. On this account, Judge Bathgate addresses himself principally to capitalists and farmers. He points out that there is no idle class in the colony. All are actively employed in some kind of useful industry. We postpone to a second article the arrangements respecting the purchase and working of lands, and meanwhile only say that by exercising prudence in acquiring lands by ready-money payments, or by postponed annual payments over a space of ten years, a young agriculturist will be able to set himself up as a proprietor of freehold estate at an outlay equivalent to the capital required for stocking and working a farm in the old country, for which he would have to pay an annual rent, and find himself as landless at the end of his lease as at the beginning. Some large land-holders are willing to sell farms on postponed terms, extending up to twenty-five years. New Zealand, therefore, is peculiarly adapted as a home for those who wish to farm their own lands. No doubt, labour is dearer in New Zealand than in England or Scotland; but this dearness is not felt, because there is no rent to pay, rates and taxes are trifling, less labour is necessary on account of the mildness of winter, horses are maintained at a small expense, and for a time at least, there need be comparatively little outlay for restoratives to the lands under culture.

In reflecting on these advantages, one is startled with the conviction that Great Britain, with its rent charges, its heavy taxes and rates, and its sadly deteriorating climate, which now can scarcely

be said to comprehend any regular summer, has no chance against New Zealand, where the farmer is a gentleman, owning the land he occupies. Let it be understood, however, that the balance in favour of this flourishing colony cannot continue long as it is. The lands are getting speedily settled, and must inevitably rise to a value which will be beyond the means of small capitalists. Those who wish to transfer themselves to this new field of enterprise have no time to lose. Following the example of Judge Bathgate, the sooner they are off the better. W. C.

## THE BRAVE SWISS BOY.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG (CONCLUDED).

### CHAPTER VII.—THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

WALTER met with a friendly reception from General De Bougy, a brave old warrior who had served under Napoleon, and fought at Waterloo, where he had been severely wounded, and had lost his right foot by a cannon-ball. His hair was gray, and his countenance weather-beaten; but in spite of his age and infirmities, he enjoyed tolerably good health, and was always in good-humour. Having from long experience become a keen observer of those around him, it was not long before he recognised the merits of his new servant, to whom he soon became as much attached as his nephew had been.

Walter had been about three months in the General's service, and it seemed to all appearance as if he was likely to become a permanency there, when a letter arrived from Paris, the reading of which suddenly changed the customary gaiety of the old man into the deepest gloom.

'This is a sad affair,' said he to Walter, who happened to be in the room at the time. 'My poor nephew!'

'Mr Lafond? What is the matter with him?' inquired Walter earnestly.

'He is ill, dangerously ill, poor fellow, so the doctor informs me,' replied the General. 'You can read the letter yourself. He seems to complain of being surrounded by strangers, with no one in the house that he can rely on. If I were not such an old cripple, I would go and help him to the best of my ability; for although he has led a thoughtless, reckless life, a more thorough-hearted gentleman does not live. Poor Adolphe!'

'I must go to him sir,' said Walter suddenly, after hastily reading the letter, the perusal of which had driven all the colour from his cheeks.

'You! Why, it is not long since you left him; and what do you want to go back for?' inquired the General in surprise.

'Can you not guess sir? I must go and nurse him. He must at least have one person near him to pay him some attention.'

'If you care for him so,' exclaimed the General, 'why did you leave his service?'

This led Walter to explain to the old gentleman the reasons which had compelled him to give up his situation, and again to beg permission to act the part of nurse to his former master. A tear sparkled in the old man's eye as the youth declared the attachment he had always cherished for Mr Lafond. 'Go to him then,' said he. 'I cannot trust him to a more faithful attendant; and as soon as I can, I will follow you, and



take my place with you by his bedside. Poor Adolphe! Had he only possessed firmness of character and avoided bad company, he might have been well and strong to-day. But his unhappy weakness has brought him to the grave before his time, in spite of all my warnings and entreaties. As he has sowed, so must he reap. Ah! Walter, his fate is a terrible proof of the consequences of evil habits. But all regrets are useless now. Let us lose no time in giving him what little help we can.'

Making all the necessary preparations for the journey without a moment's delay, Walter soon reached Paris. When he entered the chamber of Mr Lafond, he was shocked at the change which a few short months had made in his appearance. It was evident that the doctor had rather disguised than exaggerated the danger he was in. The sunken eyes and withered face shewed only too plainly that the space of time allotted to him on earth was but short. Walter sank on his knees by the bedside, and taking the pale and wasted hand in his, breathed a prayer that God might see fit to deal mercifully with a life yet so young; while the invalid smiled faintly and stroked the cheek of his faithful attendant.

'Dear Walter, how good of you to come back,' murmured the invalid. 'I thought you would not leave me to die alone. I feared that your prediction would prove true, and therefore I did not wish you to go home. I wanted to have a true friend with me at the last moment, which I feel cannot be far off now.'

The mountaineer was too overpowered with grief to make any reply. He tried to utter some words of hope and encouragement; but his heart sank within him, and he felt that the physician's prediction had been only too true.

'Too late!' whispered the dying man, motioning Walter to a seat. 'I am dying, because I had not the decision and resolution of character to control my evil passions. But do not let us speak any more on that subject, for my fate is settled, and cannot be altered now.'

The faithful Switzer saw that Mr Lafond too well knew the critical condition he was in to be deceived by any false hopes, and he therefore did everything in his power to make the last days of the dying man as free from pain and discomfort as possible. Who could tell what might be the effect, even at so late a period, of careful nursing and devoted attention? But all his thoughtful and loving care seemed in vain.

'The end is coming,' said the invalid one evening as the glowing rays of the evening sun streamed into his apartment. 'I shall never more look upon yonder glorious sun, or hear the gay singing of the birds. I have something to say to you, Walter, before I go. Do you see that black cabinet in the corner? I bequeath it to you with everything it contains, and hope with all my heart that it will help you on in the world as you deserve. Here is the key of my desk, in which you will find my will, which confirms you in the possession of the cabinet and all its contents. And now, give me your hand, dear boy. Let me look once more upon your honest face. May heaven bless you for all your kindness and devotion! Farewell!'

Walter bent over the face of the dying man and looked at him with deep emotion. He smiled

and closed his eyes; but after lying in a quiet slumber for about an hour, he awoke with a spasm; his head fell back, and the hapless victim died in the arms of his faithful servant.

The long hours of the night were passed by Walter in weeping and prayer beside the corpse of the master to whose kindness he had owed so much; but when morning dawned, he roused himself from his grief, and gave the directions that were necessary under the melancholy circumstances. It was a great relief to him that General De Bougy arrived towards evening to pay the last honours to his deceased nephew. Two days afterwards the funeral took place; and as the mortal remains were deposited in the family grave, Walter's tears flowed afresh as he thought of the many proofs of friendship he had received from his departed master.

A day or two afterwards he was awakened from his sorrow by news from home. The letter was from neighbour Frieshardt, who again thanked him for the money he had received for the sale of the cattle, praised him for the faithfulness and ability with which he had managed the business; and then went on to speak of Walter's father. 'The old man,' he wrote, 'is in good health, but he feels lonely, and longs for you to come back. "If Watty only were here, I should feel quite young again," he has said to me a hundred times. He sends you his love; and Seppi, who is still with me, and is now a faithful servant, does the same. So good-bye, Walter. I think you now know what you had better do.'

'Yes; there's no doubt about that,' said Walter, after he had with considerable trouble got to the end of the letter. 'I must go back to my mountain home, and keep my poor old father company. There is nothing more to keep me here.'

Without further delay, he hastened to the General, shewed him the letter, and told him he had decided to leave Paris and return home.

'Nonsense, Walter!' growled the old gentleman. 'Am I to lose you as well as my nephew, the only relative I had in the world? I won't hear a word of it.'

But the thought of his father's lonely and helpless situation had made such a deep impression on Walter's heart and stirred up such a home-sickness, that he held to his resolution. 'My old father wants me back sir,' said he, 'and you must allow me to go.'

The General used all his powers of persuasion; promised to regard the young mountaineer as his own son; but it was all of no use. Walter spoke so earnestly of his father's solitary home, and the desire he felt to see his native mountains once more, that the old gentleman had to reconcile himself to parting with him. 'Go home then,' said he. 'When the voice of Duty calls, it is sinful to resist. But before you go, we must open my nephew's will. It will surprise me very much if there is nothing in it of importance to you.' Unlocking the desk, the will was found sealed up as it had been left by Mr Lafond. After opening it, the General read the document carefully through, and laid it down on the table with an expression of disappointment. 'Poor fellow!' he exclaimed. 'Death must have surprised him too suddenly, Walter, or he would certainly have left you a larger legacy. This is all he says about you: "To Walter Hirzel, my faithful and devoted servant,

I bequeath the black cabinet in my bedroom with all its contents, and thank him sincerely for all his attention to me." That is the whole of it. But never mind, my young friend; the old General is still alive, and he will make good all that his nephew has forgotten.'

Walter shook his head. 'Thanks a thousand times dear sir, but indeed I wish for nothing. My feet will carry me to my native valley; and once I am there, I can easily earn my living. I daresay there will be some little keepsake in the cabinet that I can take in memory of my poor master, and I want nothing more.'

'Then search the cabinet at once. Where is the key?'

'Here,' said Walter, taking it from his pocket. 'Mr Lafond gave me the cabinet shortly before his death, and handed me the key at the same time.'

'And have you never thought of opening it to see what it contained?'

'No,' replied Walter. 'It did not occur to me to do so. But I will go and see now.' With these words he left the room, and went up to the apartment where the piece of furniture stood. In the various drawers were found the watch, rings, and jewellery his master had been accustomed to wear. As he viewed these tokens of regard, his eyes were bedewed with melancholy gratitude. Carefully placing the jewellery in a little box, he was about to close the cabinet again, when his eye fell upon a drawer which he had omitted to open. Here, to his infinite surprise, he found a packet with the inscription in his late master's handwriting, 'THE REWARD OF FIDELITY,' which on opening, he found to contain bank-notes for one hundred thousand francs!

'Well, what have you found?' inquired the General eagerly, when the half-bewildered youth returned.

'This watch and jewellery, and a packet of bank-notes,' replied Walter, laying them on the table.

'One hundred thousand francs!' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'That is something worth having. Why, that will be a fortune to you; and I am now sorry that I did my nephew the injustice to think he had forgotten you. I wish you joy with all my heart!'

'For what do you wish me joy sir?'

'For what? For the money,' said the General in surprise.

'But that is not for me,' said the Switzer, shaking his head. 'This watch and the jewellery I will keep as long as I live, in memory of my good master; but the money must have been left there by mistake, and I should feel like a thief if I were to take any of it.'

The old General opened his eyes as wide as he could, and stared in astonishment at the simplicity of the youth. 'I'm afraid you are out of your mind,' said he. 'The will says, "the black cabinet with all its contents." The bank-notes were in it, and of course they are yours.'

'And yet, it must be a mistake.'

'But I tell you it is no mistake,' exclaimed the General impatiently. 'Look at the inscription, "The Reward of Fidelity!" To whom should that apply but to you? Put the money in your pocket, Walter, and let us have no more absurd doubts about it.'

But the young man persisted in his refusal, and

pushed the packet away from him. 'It is too much,' said he; 'I cannot think of robbing you of such a large sum.'

'Robbing me!' ejaculated the General. 'Why, the idea, my good fellow, is preposterous! You will rob no one but yourself if you refuse the windfall. I insist upon your taking the money.'

'No sir. I cannot bring myself to think of it. Mr Lafond can never have intended to give me such a large sum. It is quite impossible!'

'Well, then,' said the General, greatly touched by such singular unselfishness, 'I must settle the business. If you won't take the money, I will take you. From this day, Walter, you are my son! Come to my heart. Old as it is, it beats warmly for fidelity and honesty. Thanks to God that He has given me such a son in my lonely old age!'

Walter stood as if rooted to the spot. But the old man drew him to his breast and embraced him warmly, till both found relief for their feelings in tears.

'But my father!' stammered the young man at last. 'My father is all alone at home!'

'Oh, we will start off to him at once, bag and baggage!' exclaimed the General. 'I know your Fatherland well, and shall very soon feel myself more at home there than I am in France, where there is not a creature left to care for me. Yes, Walter, we will go to the glorious Bernese Oberland, and buy ground, and build a house, within view of your noble mountains, and live there with your father! He shall have cattle and goats to cheer his heart in his old age, and we will lead a happy life together as long as God spares us! I know you would not feel comfortable here, so let us make up our minds, and start for the mountains as soon as we can.'

Walter in his happiness could scarcely believe his ears, and thought the whole a splendid dream. But he soon found the reality. The General sold his property in France, and departed with his adopted son to Switzerland, where he carried out the intention he had so suddenly formed. Old Toni Hirzel renewed his youth when he had his son once more beside him, and he and the General soon became fast friends. A year had scarcely passed ere a beautiful house was built near Meyringen, and furnished with every comfort; while an ample garden surrounded by meadows, in which cows and oxen fed, added to the beauty of the scene. Walter's dream had become a reality; and everything around him was so much better than he had ever dared to hope, that his heart overflowed with gratitude to God, and to the benefactor who had done so much for him.

Nor was this prosperity undeserved. Walter had not spent his time in idleness and sloth. He knew that the diligent hand maketh its owner rich, and he managed the land with so much energy and skill, that he soon became renowned as one of the best farmers in the Oberland. The General and Toni assisted him with their counsel and help as far as they were able; and the old soldier soon experienced the beneficial influence of an active outdoor life and the change of air and scene. His pale cheeks grew once more ruddy with health, and he soon grew so active, that he even forgot that his right foot lay buried on the field of Waterloo.

Thus the little family lived in happiness, enjoy-

ing the good wishes of all their neighbours, and the gratitude of all who were in want; for they were always ready to relieve out of their abundance any who needed it. Mr Seymour increased their happiness by visiting his friend Walter nearly every year, and rejoiced in the prosperity which God had bestowed upon him as a reward for his honesty and uprightness.

THE END.

## SUB-EDITING A LONDON NEWSPAPER.

BY A LONDON SUB-EDITOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written about the inner life of our great newspaper establishments, the popular conception with regard to it is still of a very hazy and, indeed, incorrect character. The intricacy and magnitude of the work done cannot be well imagined by one who draws his conclusions from the completed broad-sheet at his breakfast-table. It is rather in what does *not*, than in what does appear, that the untold labour skill and experience brought to the compilation of a morning newspaper, can be justly estimated.

Though it is popularly supposed that the main work connected with the compilation of a morning newspaper is accomplished in the editor's room, the work is really done in that of the sub-editor, and by that important functionary and his staff, to whom we shall now introduce our readers—leaving out of account in the meanwhile, the important responsibilities of the editor-in-chief.

Imagine then a moderately sized apartment in which there are five or six writing-tables; on each table a green-globed lamp, and before each lamp a pale-faced man. The principal of the sub-editorial staff sits a little apart from the others, and to him all the letters and 'copy' (manuscript) addressed to the editor are brought. It is his duty to sort this miscellaneous heap of news and correspondence into separate bundles. Letters for the editorial department make one mound; letters relating to advertisements and business matters another; and those containing telegrams home and foreign, with the ordinary news paragraphs and 'copy' of reporters and correspondents, a third. The first two parcels are despatched, one to the editor's room, the other to the composing-room, there to be at once set into type; the third is divided among the sub-editor's assistants—the pale-faced men aforesaid.

Having premised thus much, we shall see the beginning of the practical work of the evening—the selecting and preparing of the 'copy' for next day's paper. It is seven o'clock, and all the gentlemen are at their posts. To one the chief sub-editor hands the police 'flimsy' or thin paper upon which, by means of a stylus, several copies of the same subject are simultaneously produced. This police intelligence if printed in full would, probably, occupy about six or seven columns in the next issue; but the assistant to whose task it falls has to choose from this mass of badly written, badly spelled, ill composed, and ungrammatical material, as many cases as will, when improved, modified, and animated by him, make an interesting column of news. The revelations of the London police courts are painful in the extreme; and no one can pass many months in the duty of sub-editing 'copy' of this kind

without acquiring a melancholy insight into the viciousness of human nature. Having had some years' experience of the work, the writer can safely say that the odious crimes with which Rome's declining days were marked will easily find a parallel in modern London. There are statutes in our law-books which we imagine are seldom enforced, because we seldom read of them; but the waste-paper basket of the sub-editor is the oblivion into which many of the most atrocious offences imaginable are mercifully cast. The assistant having finished his revision of the police reports, and having written two or three paragraphs out of them for the summary of news, next receives perhaps a telegram in French from the correspondent at Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, or elsewhere. This translated, he may then be called upon to read through the 'copy' of the reporters, and make into neat paragraphs the items of news sent by the country correspondents, or to correct a telegraphed speech of Mr Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield.

But while this assistant is thus busily engaged, the others are not idle. News has just been received in the office that some public man has died. If he be great enough to be on the list of those whose biographies lie in the sub-editorial desk—'graveyard' this compartment is grimly called—calmly waiting the decease of their illustrious subjects, there is an end of the matter—the date and a few particulars regarding the last hours of the deceased personage are added, and the printer receives the 'copy' at once. But if he be a minor light, and yet one who must receive special notice to the extent of say a quarter or half a column, one of the assistants is called upon to compile a memoir. He forthwith furnishes himself with Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*, with *Men of the Time*, an *Encyclopædia*, and one or two other books of reference, and in the course of a couple of hours the compositors are at work on the biography. Just then a messenger from the Messrs Spottiswoode, government printers, arrives with a bundle of blue-books, containing perhaps official despatches, or reports upon subjects interesting to the general community. The assistant having completed his memoir, is informed through his chief, that the editor requires an abstract of a blue-book of probably four or five hundred pages, to the extent of about a column or a column and a half. The unfortunate man settles down to his task, and plods on wearily until, in the space of perhaps three hours, his work is done. Then, to vary his monotony, he is requested to look through the country papers, with a special eye, usually, to the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Irish Times*, to see if there be any scraps of news worth reprinting or quoting; and having finished a hasty overlook of the principal home papers he, in all likelihood, extends his survey to the American, Colonial, and French journals.

Assistant number three is meantime preparing the sporting news, which, if from the country, is telegraphed. This he arranges and, where possible, reduces in quantity; and what with horse-racing, cricket, boating, sculling, pedestrianism, and other kindred subjects, this gentleman's time is fully occupied for the evening. The fourth assistant has been all this time preparing the foreign telegrams. He will spend a quarter of an

hour in looking out on an immense atlas the name of some obscure place, the spelling of which has been rendered still obscurer by its being incorrectly telegraphed. He puzzles and racks his brains over the meaning of phrases made mysterious in their passage through a variety of continental telegraph offices with clerks of all nationalities. His skill in expanding curtly (owing to the immense cost) telegraphed news, from the other end of the globe, is in constant requisition; he is a standing gazetteer and a court newsmen as well, his geographical knowledge and his acquaintanceship with the leading politicians and eminent personages of the world being about equally required. In the intervals that occur between the arrival of telegrams, this fourth gentleman is whiling away his time by reading a huge pile of flimsy, giving accounts of suicides by hanging, drowning, poisoning, and other means—of which a large number take place daily in London, only the most interesting of which, however, are published—of attempted suicides, of accidents of every conceivable kind, and of alleged mysterious occurrences which the fertile brain of the impecunious penny-a-liner endeavours to palm off on the wary and suspicious sub-editor and his astute assistants.

But what is the chief sub-editor about during all this time? He is busily engaged in throwing 'copy' away. As the news comes in, he hastily glances over it, and that which at the first sight appears to his practised eye unfit for publication is immediately, to use a technical expression, 'basketed.' That which he thinks may yield some readable matter is accumulated into a little heap, to be lifted by the first assistant disengaged. Then as the revised 'copy' leaves the hands of the assistant, the chief sub-editor again looks over it, to ascertain whether, in his judgment, the whole or some part of the particular matter may not indeed be worth publishing, or whether the assistant may not have allowed some injudicious sentiment or libellous expression to escape his attention. The principal generally writes the summary of the foreign news, and is particularly attentive to the titles given to the various paragraphs, telegrams, reports, and so forth, as well as to the arrangement and disposition of the news into articles of so many paragraphs, the prominence to be given to the article in the paper, and as to whether particular news shall be given in the form of a paragraph, or as a separate article with an imposing heading, and whether the type shall be minion, leaded minion, or bourgeois.

Thus the night wears away, and half-past one A.M. is reached without much cessation in the amount of silent progressive work in the sub-editorial room. Then there is a great and sudden falling off, and by two o'clock the assistants are generally dismissed, the chief remaining another half-hour to see the paper 'to bed'; that is, to ascertain that the foreman printer has carried out all his instructions, and to see that no hitch occurs at the last moment. During the night, this important functionary has had interviews with the Editor himself and foreman printer as to the number of columns in leading articles, specially ordered articles on general topics, literary reviews, or letters from correspondents, which the Editor intends to print; and as to the number of columns out of the total extent of the paper which the printer has in type at a specified hour. Thus the amount of 'copy'

required is regulated with an accuracy, often calculated to a line!

The sub-editor's peaceful routine is frequently interrupted by importunate visitors. This man wants to know whether the report of a secret meeting of the International Society would be acceptable; and that person whether he could have a letter inserted in next day's issue shewing how badly he had been treated by the magistrate at a district police court, who had fined only a few shillings, a cabman by whom he had been grossly insulted. Then a tradesman's assistant will call to see if he cannot, under the guise of giving the public information respecting a wonderful new invention, obtain the assistance of the newspaper in puffing his master's wares. A critical question will sometimes arise as to whether some special intelligence ought or ought not to be inserted, and a grave conclave of all in charge of the journalistic department of the paper is then held. And thus the night wears away—the paper is at length out of the hands of the literary staff, stereotyped, and got to press; and the tired sub-editor trudges home to enjoy his well-earned rest. And if his home be at some distance, say in the suburbs of London, his head may be hardly laid on the pillow ere the first batch of printed sheets is issuing from the office, or perhaps on its way north or south by rail.

The typical sub-editor is a man of large journalistic experience, and generally between forty and fifty years of age. He is not ordinarily one of your press Bohemians, but quiet, severe, and respectable. His work is of an exhaustive nature, and it quickly ages him; yet the necessities of his position requiring a constant attention to his health, he not uncommonly reaches a green old age, and may be met with in a suburban retirement living upon the savings of his more vigorous years.

#### ALPINE FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

THERE is no grander spectacle than sunrise in the Alps. The atmosphere is so perfectly clear, that distant objects seem close at hand, only too soon to be obscured in the haze produced by the hotter rays of the noonday sun. My first view of this great awakening of Nature was from the summit of one of the Jura peaks about three o'clock on a May morning. The sky assumed the deepest violet hue; and as the sun rose behind it, the edges of the clouds were streaked with golden and scarlet rays. Then, as with a joyful bound, the orb of day burst forth on the horizon, and all Nature seemed to be hymning its morning song of praise. Far away, rose one pure virgin peak of stainless snow against the azure sky; it was the summit of Mont Blanc, a hundred miles distant. Imagination might easily picture it as the pinnacle of some celestial city.

We can scarcely wonder, when this god of the sky clothes himself with his sparkling robe and golden crown, that heathen nations made him their first object of worship. The early inhabitants of Switzerland sang hymns of triumph at the break of day. Then fire became the symbol, and the shepherds on the Alpine slopes believed they could bring their god down to earth by collecting a handful of dried leaves and rubbing two pieces of wood together. The red spark was kindled, the



tongue of flame broke forth, and then they brought their offerings to propitiate a being so powerful. Milk, butter, and sweet-smelling herbs were poured into it. Happy indeed was it when nations were satisfied with these simple offerings, and did not demand hecatombs of cattle or the blood of men for their deities. Relics of such superstitions are to be found even in this enlightened age: when a fire bursts out in a Swiss chalet, the shepherd may be seen with a small cup of milk in his hand, slowly pouring it drop by drop into the devouring element.

To return to that daybreak scene in the Jura. The snow had not yet melted on the roadside; but over the white surface and beneath the pine-woods, thousands of crocuses and other spring flowers of varied hue raised their lovely chalices, content to adorn that lonely height, where the steps of man so seldom trod. To the lover of botany, not the least attraction of 'the playground of Europe' lies in its Alpine plants. Those travellers who can visit Switzerland about the month of June have their reward in the wonderful profusion and variety of the tapestried pastures. A month later, I was wandering over the slopes of the Val des Ormonds, gathering cluster after cluster of flowers, drinking in the sweet air, listening to the bells of the cattle, and admiring the rich brown of the picturesque wooden chalets of Sepey; whilst above all towered the peaks of the Diablerets, then covered with snow, soon to be melted under the July sun.

Here were acres of the beautiful white narcissus, beloved of the gods, with its powerful scent, so dangerous to the nerves, that for this reason it was consecrated to the Furies, who stupefied with its odour those who had incurred their vengeance. The commonest of this class, which we know well as

#### The daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and slake  
The winds of March with beauty,

were over; but the smaller kind, sometimes called Lent lilies, might occasionally be found. There were large patches so brilliantly blue with the small gentian that the grass could scarcely be seen; this was the *G. verna*, a star of about half an inch across, with a pure white eye; even more beautiful than the grander bell, which is often used for edging our gardens. The varieties of this class of plants are very numerous, and few display so full a series of colours. It has been said that red, blue, yellow, and white are never found in the same class; yet they are all exhibited here, with many compound colours.

Though the snowdrop had only left its leaves to mark its habitat, yet there was the spring snowflake, so easily mistaken for it, which, from its loveliness and purity, the Swiss have dedicated to St Agnes, the patron saint of young virgins, and call it St Agnes' flower. The silvery artemisia spreads its highly aromatic leaves, from which the bitter liqueur called *crème d'absinthe* is distilled. One variety is known by the name of the 'old man,' so gray and powdery is its appearance. In France it is the *garde-robe*, as the housewives place it in their drawers to save their apparel from the attacks of the destructive moth. Tarragon is another of the same genus, giving flavour to salad and vinegar; and all are dedicated to Diana, the

goddess of chastity and purity, from the appearance of the leaves. The cardamine was there, sometimes called the cuckoo flower, as it is found when that bird utters its welcome note. It was introduced into England in 1629, and is described in an old book called the *Paradise of Pleasant Flowers*, as being sent to the author 'by my especial good friend Tradescante, who brought it among many other dainty plants from beyond the seas, and imparted thereof a root to me.' Here is the blue chicory, and harebells richer in colour and variety than Scotland can shew, justifying the poet's words:

The harebell bright and blue,  
That decks the dingle wild,  
In whose cerulean blue  
Heaven's own blent tint we view;  
On days serene and mild,  
How beauteous, like an azure gem,  
She droopeth from the graceful stem!

Saxifrages are most numerous, and form a beautiful covering to rocks and old walls. The silvery margins to the leaves mark the longifolia; and the mountain-climber when he sits down to his frugal dinner will not forget to gather the golden variety, so well known as the *cresson de roche*, to add a piquant flavour to his bread. It grows at a height of eight thousand feet; whilst the bryoides has been found above eleven thousand feet high. Here is the favourite of Linnaeus, which he named the pink dianthus, or flower of God, with its delicious fragrance; the purple aster; countless hyacinths; tall blue and white campanulas; the sweet-scented yellow Alpine wallflower; and the chaste and elegant wood-anemone:

Nymph of the wood and forest glade,  
In thine own fair vestal robes arrayed,  
In the calm of the silent silvan bowers,  
'Tis sweet to gaze on thy drooping flowers;  
Chaste and pure as the driven snow,  
Yet faintly tinged with a purple glow;  
Like mountain crests  
On some Alpine height,  
When the snow-drift rests,  
In the evening light!

One more must be added to this long list, the pretty *Clochette des Alpes*, its delicate stem bearing two bell-shaped lilac flowers, fringed at the edges, growing out of a tuft of round leaves like a shilling, and therefore named soldanella. From all these let us make up our bouquet, placing round it the maiden-hair, the holly fern, the cystopteris, and numberless club-mosses and lichens.

But the flowers are not the only attraction to the lover of nature. Ere the sky is coloured, or the light breeze announces the approach of day, the birds give the signal for Nature to awake. There are those that seldom descend lower than the snow-line, and love the wild and magnificent peaks. Such are the now rare birds the golden eagle and the lammergeier, only met with in the deepest recesses of the Tyrol. Organised for the highest flights, they are the true sailors of the atmosphere. There is also the *chouca* or chough, a crow of intensely black plumage, with a yellow beak and bright red claws, which loves the snowy regions. Those tourists who seek the glaciers of Monte Rosa and the Col du Géant will perhaps remember large flocks of them uttering their discordant notes among the broken rocks and steep precipices.

Everything that rises to a dizzy height in the air has a charm for them. Tall fir-trees, steeples, old towers, the battlements of castles overlooking the valleys, isolated peaks, sharp pointed *aiguilles* are the places they choose for their nests. Sociable hermits of the air, condemned like those who dwelt in the desert of Thebes to the most frugal and austere food, they delight in solitude, and the more space that separates them from man the more are they in their element.

There are other interesting species which the Swiss naturalists describe for us. The snow bunting, as well as the accentor, chooses the stony bare ground which lies between the place where vegetation ceases and perpetual snow begins. Nine thousand feet above the sea do they seek and find the insects necessary for their existence; beetles, butterflies, and spiders are nestled in the crags and clefts of the rocks, placed there by Him who giveth food to every living thing in due season.

It has often been remarked by naturalists that the song of birds is borrowed from the sounds heard around. Whether that be true or not, the cry of a bird has often formed its name. Some of these have passed down to us from age to age, and from people to people. Take the crow as an instance; in the Sanscrit we find it called *kara-va*, in Greek *korax*, in German *krähe*, in Latin *corvus*, in French *corbeau*. The imploring cry of the crane is expressed in many languages by its name; German *krane*, in French *grane*, in Latin *grus*, in Greek *gera-nos*. Where is the sportsman who, when hearing that the Sanscrit name for partridge is *titiri*, would not recognise the sound he has so often heard in the evening? A particular page in Aristotle puzzled naturalists, until the curlew's cry pronounced its own name, and cleared up the mystery.

One very remarkable but shy Alpine bird should not be omitted. When the traveller is passing through the pine forests he will hear a sound proceeding from their deep recesses resembling 'crack,' or at some seasons 'curr.' It is the nut-cracker, which feeds on the pine-cones, and is rarely seen. Long before other birds have begun to build, in March, ere the snow has melted off the ground under the trees, it builds its nest; and instead of being noisy, it becomes silent and stealthy in its movements. Standing beside the torrent as it rushes down over the huge boulders, the observer will notice a conspicuous little bird, with throat and breast of white, darting arrow-like up the stream, or perched upon a rock. It is named, like its British congener, the dipper. Then there is the beautiful wall-creeper, with its ash-coloured back and breast, crimson and black wings, and black tail tipped with white, ranging to above ten thousand feet, playing on the snowbeds, and feeding on the scanty vegetation which here and there takes root among the rocks.

Strange to say, there is an abundant supply of insects upon which these birds live, even in the most desolate regions. The *Desoria* or glacier flea thrives in a temperature seldom rising above the freezing-point; they may be seen in great numbers in the shallow pools of water under the glacier stones, and when disturbed, jump about and rush to the bottom, where they form an animated mass of black dots. Grasshoppers and beetles love the higher pastures; and many butterflies, very rare in England, may there be collected as

they flutter from flower to flower. Very interesting it is to notice the various examples of the wonderful way in which the Creator adapts the forms of animal life to their position. Let us learn a lesson of joy from each of them, breaking through the chrysalis, like the insect, to reach a higher life, and rising like the bird with its joyous song, 'true to the kindred points of heaven and home.'

## THE COOL ENGLISHMAN.

### CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE family record from which the latter part of this story is derived, is so extremely fragmentary that the story might almost have ended here. From another source, however, the writer has been enabled to present to his readers what they may rely upon as an authentic sequel to the foregoing narrative. It may be that our hero was flattered and pleased by the enthusiasm with which he had been received, which, as he had a very good opinion of himself, could not have failed to be highly gratifying to his vanity. But what is still more puzzling is, that Simon, in a speech which he delivered upon the knoll to the assembled listeners, so twisted the real facts, and misrepresented the whole case, as to make himself appear a man of heroic valour and almost superhuman coolness, which with all reverence for our worthy friend, we have no hesitation in saying was somewhat far-fetched. As the family tradition to which we have before referred does not attempt to explain this extraordinary behaviour on the part of our hero, the interests of strict veracity call upon us to do so, though the task may perhaps be slightly prejudicial to the character of that personage.

The chance of immortalising himself, the prospect of seeing his name spread far and wide, not only among the country-people of A—, but wherever his fame might reach, must have been an almost irresistible temptation. Besides, if the truth must be told, our hero had partaken freely, perhaps rather *too* freely of usquebaugh, which, by the merest accident we presume, he had found in the inn, and which he had doubtless quaffed to drown the fatigue and excitement of the preceding night; and as his constitution had never been inured to the effects of Irish whisky or indeed strong liquor of any kind, the reader will easily allow for any flights of imagination in the discourse which Mr Simon Lee made to the assembled rustics.

With his insignificant little figure reared to its full height, with his huge white nightcap standing erect on his head, and with one hand raised aloft, to lend emphasis to his words, Simon commenced his discourse in an attitude like that of a Roman orator in the Forum. On the other hand, the auditors below, with their grotesque limbs and eagerly upturned faces, might be fitly compared to a crowd of Satyrs, the fabulous half-human inhabitants of the woody glades.

At first Simon assumed a tone of affected modesty and humility. He did not, he said, take very much credit to himself for the courage and presence of mind which he had displayed on the preceding night. It was only what a man of determined and resolute disposition like himself would have done in similar circumstances; and besides the desire to shew an example to those

whom nature had less lavishly endowed with courage than himself, would naturally have prompted him to preserve a calm demeanour in such a time of danger.

But the usquebaugh beginning to work, Simon gradually launched into a still more self-confident strain, to which the rustics below listened with respectful attention.

It was not for him, he said, to trumpet his own praises, and such he was never in the habit of doing. Nevertheless he must direct their attention—if it were only for their own sakes, and that they might profit by his example—to the peculiar nature of the courage which he, Simon, had fortunately had the opportunity of displaying on the previous night. It might be, continued he, that he had had a kind of prescience or fore-knowledge of the coming of the flood when he first went to sleep. It was accordingly without any great degree of surprise or alarm that he was awakened at midnight and made aware of its approach. He was aroused from his slumbers, he was called upon to flee for safety. There was the alternative of an awful death, or an ignominious flight. Simon was, he confessed it, subject to human frailties and weaknesses. What human being was not? For a moment he hesitated as to which course of conduct to pursue—but only for a moment; 'for never,' exclaimed Simon, growing more and more grandiloquent, 'will I suffer, my honour to be soiled by a base and degrading flight; never will I forsake my post when Duty bids me stay!'

How Simon's honour could possibly be soiled by taking a common and reasonable precaution to secure his personal safety, or what our hero could mean by 'his post,' we have always been at a loss to conjecture. The rustics, however, though the latter part of the oration was somewhat too high-flown to be comprehensible to them, yet understood sufficient of it to perceive that it was lofty and dignified in tone, and worthy of the great man who uttered it. They gave a deep murmur, or rather growl, of approbation and admiration.

Determined to push to the uttermost the opportunity thus afforded, our hero proceeded, by forcibly contrasting his own resolute conduct with that of others who, in time of sudden danger, are too apt to neglect the safety of others in seeking their own.

His first impulse had been to render assistance to those who might be in need of it, when he discovered that the inmates of the inn had fled just before the flood burst upon the dwelling. Thanks, however, to his exertions—though what these were the writer has never been able to ascertain—the inn and a considerable portion of the property it contained was preserved from destruction! 'But I ask no reward for what I have done,' continued Simon, with an air of lofty self-denial; 'an approving conscience is its own reward; and it will be enough if the humble part I have taken in what might possibly have been a frightful catastrophe, shall incite others to go and do likewise upon all future occasions.'

Here, as before, the rustics gave a deep growl of applause, for Simon had evidently spoken something very fine indeed. Our hero concluded his discourse with some fine moral axioms, which coming from so brave a man, could not fail to be both impressive and instructive.

It would be useless to attempt to describe the enthusiasm and excitement which the oration occasioned among its auditors, who, forced to control their emotions while our hero was speaking, were now at full liberty to give vent to their pent-up feelings. Three deafening cheers were given for the 'cool Englishman' who had done such heroic deeds—deeds, it must indeed be admitted, somewhat vague and shadowy as regards reality. Indeed, such an outburst of enthusiasm, we are confidently assured, had never been heard, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Mr Simon Lee had intimated his intention to proceed to W— as soon as the flood had sufficiently subsided; whereupon the rustics noisily volunteered to carry him there. This offer, however, Simon, after some consideration, declined, stating as a reason his unwillingness to put their zeal and enthusiasm to so severe a test. But his real motive for declining their assistance was, we strongly suspect, a slight doubt on his own part as to the kind of sensation which might be created in the good old city of W— by his appearance in its streets accompanied by so noisy and numerous a band of admirers. He accordingly thanked the energetic villagers in a gracious manner for their proffered aid; but added, that being a man of humble and modest disposition, he was not ambitious of such a public entry into the town of W—, but would be well satisfied if permitted to perform his journey by the stage-coach. Re-entering the inn, Simon changed his garb for that of travelling costume, and after many effusive farewells, was in due course whirled off to W—.

We pass over a period of twenty years, and find that a great change has come over the village of A—. It seems as if some mighty enchanter had waved his wand over the scene, and transformed it by the magic of his potent spell. The little rustic village has disappeared, and in its stead now stands a thriving town, whose streets are noisy with the hum of traffic. Even Nature herself seems to have put on another garb, that she might not be behind-hand in this modern age of progress. The stream which erstwhile traversed the valley, seems somehow to have enlarged itself into a river, with villas and sloping gardens lining its banks. Water-works too have been established upon the river, and a Railway traverses the town, while a large tunnel pierces the hills near the supposed abode of the once dreaded Demon.

Many strangers come and go, some upon business and some upon pleasure. Summer was waning into autumn, when upon a certain day an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a party of ladies, alighted at the platform. They have evidently come from a distance, and to judge by their luggage, they intend to pass some time in A—. Placing themselves in a fly, they are driven to a hotel of somewhat pretentious aspect, in the coffee-room of which they find, posted up over the mantel-piece, the following strangely worded piece of information:

#### NOTICE.

This is to certify that this Inn—though considerably enlarged and renovated—is really the Inn which many years ago witnessed that great Flood, which was so destructive to all other

buildings except *this* Inn. This is also the Inn where the English gentleman lodged on the night of the Flood, who behaved so bravely on that occasion, and whose memory yet lingers in these parts.

The bell is rung, and the landlord is summoned.

'May I ask,' interrogates the elderly gentleman of the party, 'if you recollect the great flood which took place twenty years ago?'

'Indeed I do sir,' replies the obsequious host, 'for I was landlord of this inn when it was nearly carried away.'

'Have you ever again seen the English gentleman who stayed in the inn upon that occasion?'

'The Cool Englishman, as we called him sir. No; he has never, to the best of my knowledge, been in A— since.'

'Well,' quoth the elderly gentleman, raising his hat, 'the Cool Englishman was your obedient servant, come to revisit the scene of the disaster!'

### THE NATIONAL ALBUM.

THERE are many national records stowed away in various corners of the vast metropolis of the British Empire; but there are none of so sadly interesting a character as those of which we are about to write. Some records immortalise all that is good in a nation—its valour, its industry, and so forth; but there is a dark side to every picture; and merry England, with all its beauties, its smiling fields, its pretty cottages, lordly mansions, and industrious people, possesses a record, the sadness of which is vivid and striking.

We find this dark record in a series of books which are kept at the Home Office; and from the fact of their being continuous volumes, and having every page illustrated with the portraits of persons who have at some time or another been confined in one or other of Her Majesty's prisons, we cannot find a more appropriate name for the whole series than that of *The National Album*. The volumes in question are of the ordinary ledger size as used in commercial houses, are bound in dark-coloured leather, and are arranged in presses according to the year and letters of reference. In these books are to be found the 'record' and *carte-de-visite* of every prisoner confined within the limits of the United Kingdom; the governor of each prison being required by law to forward to the Home Secretary within a prescribed period the particulars relating to each new prisoner whom he takes into his charge. On arrival at the Home Office, the records and portraits are placed in a box with alphabetical compartments to it, where they await their turn to be entered and fastened in the particular book for which they are destined, the portrait being gummed upon the left-hand side of the folio, and the record written to the right of it.

In many of these portraits the prisoners, especially those sentenced to short terms, appear in their own clothes; while those who are undergoing long periods of imprisonment are photographed in their prison dress. There they stand, row after row, men, women, and children of all ages, and of every condition in life, from the fraudulent bank director with the gray hairs of age, down to the little ragged Arab of the London streets, forming

in never-ending file the great criminal army of England. Sadly and painfully interesting are the pages of these fearful volumes; and as we turn over the leaves, the eye becomes fascinated with the stolid faces, and the mind absorbed with the details of the dark secrets which the dread records on every side ruthlessly reveal.

When a prisoner is charged with committing a crime, and it is thought that he has been previously convicted, the police have only to refer to the index to the Album, and if the name of the person is there, they will also find the number of the folio in which his portrait and record are entered; and on turning to it will of course immediately see whether it is the same individual or not. This is how the previous convictions of the prisoner in a late notorious murder case were brought to light. Very few of the faces in the National Album, when allowance is made for the disfigurement caused by the prison dress and cropped hair, exhibit any very marked peculiarities, though here and there we find a countenance of a sensual and somewhat forbidding aspect. Strange to say, the records of many of these unhappy creatures shew that they have received a liberal education, and have also at an earlier period of their lives attended Sunday-schools.

During the past six years about *one hundred and eighty thousand criminals* have thus been registered; and a volume, under the title of the *Habitual Criminals Register*, containing the portraits and records of those who have been convicted more than once, has lately been published by authority, after having been printed by prisoners in Her Majesty's Prison, Brixton. There is a severe touch of irony in the fact that some of those whose features and acts are recorded in the pages of the Album should thus be engaged on a work destined to do themselves a bad turn at some future time; though, even with these precautions on the part of the authorities, a goodly portion of criminals and their confères manage to escape the clutches of the law.

Many of the personages who figure in the National Album have passed the greater part of their lives in prison; and the number of *aliases* adopted by them is rather amusing; one woman, for instance, who had been convicted for the thirty-ninth time, having no fewer than sixteen *aliases*. In addition to the volumes already mentioned, there are others containing the descriptions of certain marks which have been found on the bodies of prisoners on their first entering the prison; and in cases where these have been found difficult of explanation, rough pen-and-ink sketches of the same are given. These marks are principally tattoo-marks, and vary in size and description, from the simple ring pricked into the finger, to the figures of ships, anchors, birds, quadrupeds, &c.; while the figures of men or women are exhibited on the breasts or backs of some of the prisoners. The vegetable kingdom is also well represented, and one man was found to be tattooed from shoulders to feet with the representation of a large fish. Many of the marks are of a description fit only for record in the pages where they are to be found, and are calculated to excite wonder at the depraved taste of those permitting themselves to be decorated in this terrible fashion.

Crime of all kinds is of course represented in



the sad records which cover the pages of the National Album; but one is struck with the frequency of the convictions for assaults on defenceless women and children, and for other crimes of a nameless nature. Many of these, if not the majority of them, are, strange to say, committed by old men, or men long past the meridian of life; and the saddest sight of all in these saddest of books is to see the man, whose gray hairs and bowed shoulders tell us only too plainly of the Destroyer's approach, spending the last days of his life in a prison for a foul and degrading crime.

The national sin of drunkenness must be credited with most, if not all, of the crimes which fill the National Album with these portraits and records; and it is a sad thing that one of the most civilised nations on the face of the earth should be a prey to such an unmitigated evil.

One singular fact connected with the portraits of prisoners is, that men who have been charged with and convicted of crimes of a ferocious character appear to be the most meek-faced individuals in the vast criminal army. There are exceptions, but the fact is nevertheless a striking one. There is one important omission in this fearful picture-gallery, for we miss among the faces of the greatest criminals those whom the law has been compelled to deprive of their existence. Neither portraits nor records are forwarded to the Home Office in such cases, as of course there would be no object in doing so. They will never be 'wanted' again!

Many things are done now by the authorities to assist prisoners when discharged from jail, which at one period would have been condemned by some persons as a piece of useless sympathy. For instance, when a prisoner leaves the place in which he has been confined, he has, if his conduct has been good during his incarceration, to receive a certain sum of money from the jail authorities, besides a railway pass to his home or the town he wishes to reach. To reach their homes, many of these persons have to pass through the metropolis, where, if not looked after, they would doubtless soon fall into bad company, and quickly find their way back to prison again. To prevent this, a gentleman from the Home Office awaits the discharged man's arrival at the railway station, takes from him his pass, and conducts him in a cab to the terminus of the other railway along which he is to ride to his destination. The ex-convicts are very thankful for this care and attention, and often try to express their gratitude in many amusing ways.

So much for the efficacy of English prison-discipline. It would nevertheless be much better if there could be a system of classification adopted in all our prisons, by which old offenders or habitual criminals might be kept separate from others, and submitted to a severer form of prison-labour. Prisoners might also be classified according to the crime they have committed, so that those who have been convicted of unnatural offences might be altogether deprived of the means of communicating with, and depraving the minds of, fellow-prisoners of purer morals than their own. It seems strange, for instance, why soldiers and sailors who have only been guilty of purely military offences, such as insubordinate conduct, absence without leave, &c., should be compelled to herd with a lot of thieves

and other criminals of a much worse description; but so it is, as the National Album testifies; while even youths and children are thus brought into contact with the vilest characters.

When we remember, however, what vile dens of squalid infamy most of our prisons used to be at the beginning of the century, we must acknowledge that vast strides in the cause of humanity have been taken; for instead of hot-beds of disease, these places are now—as we recently had occasion to remark in an article entitled 'Life Under New Aspects'—like so many palaces of health, in which, though the regulations may be harsh, and the food without variety, everything consistent with the principle of punishment is done to make the inmates well acquainted with the blessings of cleanliness and fresh air. There is no question, however, that the labour, which is undoubtedly severe, is somewhat indiscriminately applied to strong and weak persons alike; and hence the cause of some of the deaths in prison of which we have lately heard a great deal, prison doctors, as a rule, being very much hardened against suffering, in consequence of the impostures with which they so often have to deal. A good anecdote of a case of this kind was related by us in a former number of this *Journal*, in which a man who pretended to have injured his spine, deceived not only the judge who tried him—and so got off with a much lighter sentence than he would otherwise have had—and all his attendants, but also all the doctors who saw him, save one who recognised him and laid bare the imposture.

Amongst the most notable portraits in the National Album are those of the Tichborne Claimant—who is wonderfully reduced in size, and but a shadow of his former self, though looking hearty and well—Sarah Levenson of 'Beautiful for Ever' fame; the Stauntons; the notorious detectives, who succeeded ultimately in getting detected themselves; and—saddest of all perhaps, from one point of view—Dr Baxter Langley, the imprisoned director. These are of course but an infinitesimal portion of the sad array which this remarkable series of black-books discloses to our view, and which extends backward over a period of more than twenty years. There is ample material in their pages for the philosopher, the romancist, and the historian; while the knowledge that the cause of most of the crime therein recorded is due to the evils of intemperance, should cause the advocates for a better state of things to redouble their efforts, and never to cease until the greatest curse that ever blighted the prospects of a civilised community is eradicated from our midst.

#### THE HALF-TIDE ROCK.

WHEN the writer—who now resides in America—first knew and went to school at Ryde, Isle of Wight, it was little more than a village. Now it is a town of considerable importance, with railroads, telegraphs, and all modern improvements. Then there were no steam-packets plying across the Solent. The principal portion of the growing town was situated on the rising land west of the flat, then called 'the Dover,' through which meandered a small salt creek or inlet of the sea, from whence

the salt-pans used to be supplied in the days of the old French war, when England was chiefly dependent on her supplies of salt from the evaporation of sea-water. The part of 'the Dover' near the sea-shore was covered with graves of the men who had been drowned or destroyed by the sinking and destruction of the ships *Royal George* and *Boynes*, whose corpses drifted on shore from Spit-head, and were buried in what was then a common and valueless piece of land, although now doubtless covered with streets and buildings. On the rising ground to the east, towards Nettlestone, were situated the delightful house and grounds then called Atherly, at the time of which I speak the residence of the Hutt family. On the front of these grounds, towards the sea, the subsidence of the land, or the washings of the water, discovered the existence of a large underground brick-arched chamber; doubtless constructed in former years of the French war, when contraband trade was extensive, and amongst certain classes popular; and when profits were so large as to admit of the construction of such underground and secret receptacles—unused when discovered—but which being built in a bank of earth, formed a safe method of concealing from the officers of the law all kinds of contraband wares.

This place we schoolboys knew as the 'Smugglers' Cave'; and in those days there was many a legend connected with it, which curious youth extracted from garrulous old age. There never was such a place for tales of adventure and smuggling, in which the narrators had taken part, as Ryde; and amongst others, the following tale was told to the writer by an aged seafaring man, who took delight in getting hold of young folks and spinning the toughest yarns, none the less wonderful for having occurred so many years ago. One of these yarns related to the Smugglers' Cave, the neighbourhood of which had been the scene of the tragedy which we now proceed to narrate.

James Morrison was one of a band of smugglers, and one of the most efficient of the body—always active and enterprising—the first to point out a hazardous exploit, and the first to carry out his own plan. He was admired by all his mates, and was the very life of the lawless society in which he moved. His comrades adored him; and his natural enemies the custom-house officers, looked upon a capture as nearly hopeless when once James was known or suspected to have a share in the transaction. His youth alone prevented his being the captain of the tribe; but the elders, although they admired his spirit, feared his rashness; and it was always considered necessary to call in the aid of the older heads to moderate the zeal and repress the recklessness of his advice and proceedings. He was never known to desert a friend under any circumstances, or even a cargo whilst there was a chance of success left; and his uniform good-luck shewed what daring can accomplish, when upheld by an intelligent head and a dauntless heart.

William Lowe was another member of the fraternity, and his gifts lay in an almost opposite direction to those of Morrison. Covert and sly, he was always ready to catch at a half-suggested idea and make it his own. Cautious to almost the verge of timidity, he seldom or never undertook anything in which he did not succeed. But although every one of his fellows recognised his usefulness, none loved him. None distrusted him, because all believed that the dreadful oaths by which the society were bound together were too terrible to be broken by one so careful; and the awful punishments which were known to await a convicted informer, would, every one supposed, deter even the worst amongst them from committing the blackest crime with which a smuggler can be branded—that of informing against his accomplices.

Strange as it may appear, these two men were friends. They were seldom apart. On more than one occasion they had rendered the most material service to each other. James had saved William's life, and rescued him several times from the fangs of the law. William had by his prudence saved more than one cargo for James. And to all appearance, their friendship ought to have been cemented by mutual benefits bestowed and expected; but it was so on one side only. William often envied James his brilliant success, and more than all, envied his larger gains and his influence with his companions. On one occasion Morrison had injured Lowe, without knowing it, in a tender point, 'the affection of woman'; and the latter vowed, though secretly, to have revenge.

Morrison had embarked his all in one transaction, the favourable result of which would give him independence, or, at all events, would enable him to marry the object of their joint affections, who preferred his bold and brilliant character to that of his more sly and prudent associate. What will not a combination of self-interest, anger, and injured affection effect? The tempter saw his opportunity; the means were at hand. Secret information was given by Lowe to an officer of great activity and address; the best methods were adopted to secure success by the officers of the law, and the result could scarcely be otherwise than favourable to their wishes.

The eventful night came; the whole gang of smugglers were collected; the venture was one of more than ordinary value, and expectation was at its height, when one of the scouts rushed in amongst the smugglers and gave the alarm that they were betrayed and surrounded. The kegs of spirits had all been landed; the horses loaded with the rich parcels of silks and other excisable articles, and all was in readiness for a start inland. The boats had shoved off in security, after effecting the landing. What could be done? If the boats were recalled, the necessary signals would betray their position. If they were not recalled, the loss of the whole venture seemed inevitable. In this dilemma, Morrison proposed that a division should be made—that the least valuable but most numerous of the packages should at once be taken in the direction in which the officers were known to be; whilst the remainder of the goods, being the chief hope of the expedition, should remain stationary for a time; and when those in charge

heard their comrades engaged with the officers, the reserve should make a rush in another direction and, if possible, escape. This plan was too hopeful not to be carried into immediate effect. Morrison was left in charge of the reserve, or most valuable part of the cargo; whilst Lowe went with the other. At that time, forfeiture of the goods was the worst to be expected; the severe laws against the persons of such offenders had not been enacted. The punishment of a *row* was only a short imprisonment, if detected; but they generally managed to escape; for the officers were too eager to seize the goods, upon which their hope of reward rested, to look much after the offenders, from whom nothing but hard knocks could be had, and the capture of whom was, to the most sagacious of the officers, very much like cutting the throat of the goose which laid the golden eggs.

The expedition, divided as aforesaid, proceeded towards the officers' station, and as was expected, were immediately pounced upon. The usual rattling of sticks in the fight which ensued, and the shouts of the combatants, warned Morrison that his time for action had arrived, and he moved quietly off accordingly, with every chance of success, so completely had the ruse taken. Suddenly a cry arose amongst the officers: 'Divide lads, divide; they make off with the best part of the booty towards Nettlestone.'

The word of command was given; the already captured goods were left in charge of half the number of officers; and the rest and strongest party of the custom-house people, mounting the captured horses and their own, started off in the direction pointed out. Then occurred a fearful race. The smugglers having the advance of nearly half a mile, had at first the advantage; but their heavily laden horses could not long preserve their speed; and after a severe chase, the flying party were overtaken. Morrison, nothing daunted, rallied his men, and placing the horses in the rear, with directions to the drivers to move on immediately they had recovered their breath, and as soon as the fight commenced, if possible still to effect their escape.

James Morrison and his men fought like tigers at bay; to him capture was ruin, not only to his fortune, but to his hopes of love and happiness. He was everywhere through the fight; none seemed able to stand before his blows, when at last he came hand to hand with the chief officer in charge of the party. If he were vanquished, the goods would be safe. James's strength seemed doubled, his eyes flashed fire, and the blows of his stick could be kept off no longer. The officer had behaved with great forbearance as to sacrificing life; but finding himself hard pressed, and after several warnings, drew a pistol and fired. James fell. The rest of the smugglers seeing resistance hopeless, and yet determined to save their leader, made a desperate rally and carried him off, leaving the goods undefended. The capture of the goods was complete, although all the men escaped; and in an hour or two James awoke to consciousness in the hands of his friends.

Shortly after their rout, the whole party of smugglers met at their usual place of rendezvous, which was the cave or subterranean chamber before mentioned. The labourers had according to custom immediately dispersed to their own houses; for

they, although employed, were never trusted with the secrets of the gang. When the muster was complete, the whole party arranged themselves for a consultation. Poor James was made as comfortable as possible; for it was found too dangerous to remove him to his usual place of residence, which was at a considerable distance; and since the effusion of blood had been stopped, he had rapidly revived. The wound was not considered very dangerous, and the hardy fellows were used to treat everything but death lightly. Lowe was nearly the last who arrived. He had hesitated a long time whether or not he should come at all; but with the consciousness of guilt, had considered that his staying away might have a suspicious appearance; he therefore put a bold front on the matter, and with an air rather more swaggering than usual with him, he made his appearance with his fellows. The arrival of the few remaining members of the body was the signal for the commencement of the consultation as to the cause of the misfortune, and the best mode of avoiding such a thing in future.

The old captain of the gang was the first who spoke; in a few nervous words he explained to the meeting that it was quite clear treachery must have been at work; that the very force in which the custom-house officers mustered, was of itself a convincing proof that they expected great booty and considerable resistance. The idea of treason was generally repudiated by the smugglers. Who, they said, could be guilty of such a thing? Were they not all as brothers? Had they not too often been tried, to allow even for a moment of such a suspicion being cast amongst those present?

'It must have been the boat-people,' said Lowe.

'It could not have been they,' replied the captain; 'for, as was customary, they did not know where the fall was to be made until a few minutes before, when the information was given to them by signal by myself with the usual flashings and cross-lights.'

One brought forward one suspicion, another a different one, until at last an old smuggler, almost borne down by years, whose duty it was to watch about through the country, and do the other light business of the company—for his strength for carrying goods and fighting was gone—quietly rose and said: 'Comrades, guard the door.' Every one started to his feet. All knew that some information of the greatest importance was about to be given, and that the traitor must be amongst themselves. Every one looked at his neighbour with blank dismay; the blood left Lowe's cheek, but the light was too gloomy to shew it to his fellows.

Those whose duty it was, reported that all was secure, and the old man then called out: 'William Lowe, step forward, and answer for your treason to your comrades!' All shrank from him; and although he did not advance, he was instantly standing alone. The old man then resumed: 'William Lowe, where were you last Thursday night?'

He hurriedly answered: 'At home;' that he had not stirred out after dark.

'If so,' said the old man, 'how was it that I met you in Union Street in Ryde after eleven o'clock at night, coming in a direction from Lieutenant's Austen's house? I could not be mistaken;

for I have lived too long in the world and had too much to do with the "fair trade" not to make myself certain where my suspicions are once aroused. I should have mentioned it to the captain, but that it was then only suspicion, and I dared hardly think you were a traitor.'

William answered not a word; in the hard-set looks of his comrades he saw his fate.

'Further than this,' pursued the old man; 'Bill Simmons, one of the labourers, told me that at the first fight he saw a man with a red neckerchief leave our ranks, run behind a bush, and speak to the lieutenant just before the cry was raised that the best part of the goods had gone off towards Nettlestone. Who present has a red neckerchief but William Lowe?'

All looked round; the proof was deemed conclusive, and each man looked in his neighbour's face for confirmation of his own opinion. There was evidently but one feeling.

The captain, after a few minutes' consideration, and examining the faces of his comrades pronounced the fatal words: 'William Lowe, you have betrayed us. You have broken your oath. You must die!'

The unhappy wretch saw not one gleam of pity in any face—his fate was sealed, and he well knew that his death would follow. Notwithstanding all this, he did not fail; his cheek was livid, and the moisture oozed from every pore, yet there he stood erect gasping for breath, condemned as well by his own conscience as by the voice of his comrades. A sudden cry from the man who stood nearest Morrison's bed called attention to the wounded man. All thought for the time that he was dead; but he had only swooned, overcome by his own feelings on hearing the sentence given; for at that moment the reality of his friend's treachery flashed suddenly on his mind.

Nothing now remained but the mode of carrying out the sentence. It was the first crime of the kind that had taken place in that neighbourhood and amongst that set; and it was deemed necessary that the mode of execution should be the most horrible and protracted that could be devised; yet at the same time no one liked to stain his hand with blood.

The old man who had brought the accusation solved the difficulty. 'When I was in Doherty's gang in the north of Ireland,' said he, 'we were betrayed then as now, and the sentence was that the informer should be tied on to a half-tide rock at the time of the rising flow of the tide, and left to drown.'

No acclamation greeted his proposal; but in the stern murmur which arose from the assembly, the old man read their approval of the plan.

The captain again addressing the culprit, said: 'This night, at the rise of the flood-tide, you shall be exposed to its mercy; and all within hearing of our justice shall learn what is the fit fate for an informer.'

Lowe's heart died within him. One cry for mercy passed his lips; but he saw that all was in vain, and he again sank into a gasping silence. As it was now early dawn, all except those left to guard the prisoner separated, and returned to their homes.

The following night—it was a calm, bright, beautiful moonlight—the tide turned to the flood at nine o'clock; at ten some dark bodies were seen

moving over the sands from the wood on the shore in front of Atherly—where the Smugglers' Cave is situated—in the direction of a number of isolated rocks, or rather large stones which were sprinkled here and there on the sand in front of the cave, but about a quarter of a mile from the high water-mark on the shore. The tide runs out and leaves a great extent of sandy beach, for possibly nearly a mile on that shore, and the rocks spoken of are more than half-way between high and low water-mark. They are all black with a growth of seaweed, so that a man's figure in dark clothes would not at a distance be observed upon them. In a short time the dark objects were seen returning. For an hour afterwards all was silent; when suddenly through the night-air arose a cry so appalling, that it struck at once to the hearts of all who heard it. Some of the nearest residents in Ryde not connected with the boatmen rushed to the beach, feeling assured that some accident must have happened; but all connected with the water seemed to be absent, and their boats were all stranded on the beach awaiting the return of the tide. 'It comes from the rocks near Atherly,' said one; and the whole posse of listeners rushed to the spot, where in various attitudes of silent attention they found a number of men apparently boatmen. 'What is the meaning of that unearthly cry?' they eagerly inquired. But from the men assembled they received no reply. At the time, it was supposed that all were too much horror-stricken to interfere; but afterwards their behaviour was attributed to a different motive.

A slight ripple now curved the surface of the water; and the moon, previously sometimes obscured by light clouds, shone out in full refulgence. The ripple must have washed above the poor wretch's lips, for instantly there burst forth a torrent of gurgling cries; these continued for a few moments, when fainter and fainter grew the sobs of mortal agony, and it was apparent to all that human assistance was of no further avail. As soon as this was certain, all the boatmen left in parties of two and three, none looking back or speaking. The towns-people after agreeing amongst themselves to be on the spot the moment the tide rendered examination practicable the next morning, separated for their homes, to retail the mysterious and dreadful story to their expectant families.

The morning came fine and clear. The earliest of the spectators of the night before rushed to the spot; and there, in the centre of the group of rocks, they found the body of a man in a sitting posture chained to a 'half-tide rock,' stone dead—the expression on his countenance indicating the awful death he had died. It was William Lowe.

Even in the days of the narrator's school-boy life, the old inhabitants of Ryde shunned the spot of a moonlight night when the tide came rippling on. The same shrieks in imagination were again heard by them; the horrors of that fearful night were recalled to their minds; and they used to point out to their children and visitors to the watering-place the spot where 'the condemned smuggler was chained by his comrades to that "half-tide rock," and drowned.' A proper fate, they used to say, for all informers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.